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INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Petrarch and Laura.

In no novel that has ever been written was there ever a more romantic story than that of Petrarch and Laura, who lived in Italy in the fourteenth century.

Petrarch was a young man who had been educated for the law, but who, to the indignation of his father, hated the dry study, and devoted his time to reading romantic histories and to writing poetry.

Once, it is said, his parent, in a state of tremendous indignation, threw all his library into the fire: but, though the books were burned, the love of them lived on, and on the death of his father, Petrarch purchased a pretty country-house at Vaucluse, and indulged without restraint in his favorite employment.

He had the student's usual love for solitary wandering, and once he roamed so far from home that he was belated, and slept all night in a fisherman's hut. At 6 o'clock in the morning he entered the gates of Avignon, and, according to custom, entered the nearest church to offer up a morning prayer. It was the Church of St. Clair, and being the holy week, it was hung in black. The effect created in the sensitive soul of Petrarch was one of extreme melancholy.

As he knelt, he felt the tears rise to his eyes, and a premonition of coming calamity filled his soul. But, as he raised his eyes, they fell upon the most beautiful figure he had ever seen. It was that of a young lady who was also kneeling. She had a magnificent bust and a profusion of blonde hair. Her dress was a pale-green robe, besprinkled with violets and she wore a crown of filagree gold set with precious stones, and a splendid necklace of large pearls and garnets. At first, he could not see her face, but in a little while she arose, and, on leaving the church, passed him. Their eyes met; he was still kneeling with clasped hands. She started and blushed. Francis Petrarch could not move, but "his soul followed her."

This was Laura, then in her eighteenth year. From this moment, to make her his wife became Petrarch's fondest hope. And Laura also seems to have loved him, but her mother, who was the veritable cruel parent of fiction, had higher views for her daughter; and having pretended to give her consent, carried Laura away from Vaucluse to Avignon and forced her to marry the Count de Sade.

This was done while Petrarch was at Naples, combating for the laurel crown which he desired to lay at Laura's feet. However she may once have loved him—nay, perhps she loved him always—Laua behaved with the modesty and prudence which so well became a mation, and neither encouraged his visits nor his protestations. Yet though Laura lived to be forty years old, he adored her at the hour she died entirely as he had in the brightest hour of her youth and beauty.

A few years before her death he said to a friend:

"The day may perhaps come when I shall have calmness enough to contemplate all the misery of my soul; but still I love her in spite of myself. I have said in lamentations and tears, I must hate her—but ah! I love her still."

In moments of excitement he used to fancy that he saw her spirit, she seemed to emerge from a tree; from the waves of the sea; once from a mouth of a canon.

Thrice he saw her at night beside his bed, and found himself overcome by the spectacle.

The story of his love he told in verses that have been handed down to posterity. They have all the interest of a biography, for he conceals nothing. Emotions which most men bury in their souls he has committed to paper. It is evident from these that she never admitted her love for him, but that he believed she loved him is just as certain. She was evidently one who was able to bear much without complaint. Some one has said:

"No writer insinuates himself so closely into the folds of the breast as Petrarch. He recalls to us every little circumstance of our passion. The pains, the pleasures, the hopes, the fears, and, often by a single word, awakes in the minds of those who have loved a crowd of almost imperceptible feelings, which they had never observed, or had forgotten."

At last Laura died, and Petrarch himself writes of that event as follows, in the pages of a volume of Virgil:

"It was in the early days of my youth, on the 6th of April, in the morning, and in the year 1427, that Laura, distinguished by her own virtues, and celebrated by my verses, first blessed my eyes in the church of Santa Clair, at Avignon. It was in this same city, on the 6th of the same month of April, at the same hour of the morning, in the year 1348 that she was withdrawn from my sight, this bright luminary, when I was at Verona, and ignorant, alas! of my calamity.

"The romance of her chaste and beautiful body lie in the church of the Cordeliers. To preserve this afflicting remembrance, I have taken bitter pleasure in recording it in the book most frequently to my eyes, in order that nothing in this world may longer have an attraction for me."

This was Petrarch's wail over the grave of his Laura. Her husband the Count de Sade, took her death more easily, it is supposed, for he married another woman seven months from the day of her interment, and while, according to the customs of the country, he still wore mourning for her.

Fair Play.

"Sir, you predicted a frost for the night of the 21st of September," said an old farmer as he entered the Signal Office at Cleveland two or three days later.

"Yes, sir."

"And it didn't come."

"No, sir."

"Well, that prediction caught me with eight hundred bushels of apples on the trees, and I sold the lot for half price."

"Sorry, sir, but the bureau is sometimes mistaken."

"Well, I want you to help me out of it. The chap who got my apples has forty acres of taters. If you will only predict a regular freeze-up for to-morrow night I kin git them taters for ten cents a bushel, and come out all solid."—Wall Street News.

Moonshiner and Minister.

Once in a while a "moonshiner" picks up the wrong customer. Not long ago there were several ministers in a South Carolina town not many miles from here, attending a conference. One of them, a wiry athlete from Kentucky, went out one morning for a walk and met a strapping big moonshiner, who was drawing a wagon to the blacksmith shop, a few rods away.

"Ketch hold o' here," called the big fellow, "an' help me pull it down to the shop, an' I'll buy the whisky."

"I never drink," replied the minister.

"Wal, you kin take a cigar, I reckon."

"I never smoke."

The man dropped the wagon tongue and looked at the minister and asked:

"See yere, stranger, don't ye chaw?"

"No, sir!" was the decided answer.

"Humph!" ejaculated the moonshiner, shifting his weight upon the other leg, "you must git mighty lonesome, don't ye?"

"Not at all, sir."

"Wal, I'll bet ye even money I kin lay ye flat on yer back," persisted the moonshiner.

"I never bet."

"Oh, come 'long now, stranger, let's warm up a little; I reckon it'll do ye good."

"No, I think not."

"Wal, let's rastle fer fun then; back holt or side holt."

"I never have fun," was the solemn reply.

"I'm a goin' to tackle ye anyway, stranger," was the moonshiner's response, as he tossed off his coat. "Look sharp now, stranger, here we go."

The festive whisky maker slid up and endeavored to get a "back hold," but he had only just commenced his fun when he was lifted clean off the grass and slammed with such force against a tree-box that he gasped half a dozen times before he could catch a long breath.

"Now you's better keep away," was all the preacher said.

"Wal, I'll be switched ef I don't," sighed the moonshiner, edging off. "But I say, stranger, I reckon 'tain't no use o' your sayin' you didn't have no fun in ye, when you're jist chuck full an' a bilin' over with it."—S. C. Corr. N. Y. Post.

Sitting Down on Him.

"I don't altogether like this young man Millikin, who comes to see you so often; I hear he is nothing but a poor dry goods clerk," is what the head of the family said to his daughter one day at the dinner table.

"He is a very nice young gentleman," replied the daughter; "besides, he is something more than a poor dry goods clerk. He gets a large salary, and is manager of one of the departments, and expects some day to have an interest in the business."

"I hope he may," responded the old man; "but he strikes me as a very flippant, impertinent young person, and in my opinion he should be sat down upon."

"Well, I have invited him to take tea with us this evening," said the daughter, "and I hope you will treat him politely at least. You will find him a very different porson from what you supposed him to be."

"Oh, I'll treat him politely enough," he said.

That evening Mr. Millikin appeared at supper, and made a most favorable impression upon the old gentleman. "He is a clever young fellow, after all," he thought. "I have done him an injustice."

It was just here that Bobby spoke out. Bobby was a well-meaning little boy, but too talkative.

"Papa," he ventured, "you know what you said to-day at dinner about Mr. Millikin: that he was an impertiment young man, and ought to be sat down upon—"

"Silence, sir!" shouted the father, swallowing a mouthful of hot potato.

But the little boy wouldn't silence. "It's all right," he continued confidentially, but in a whisper loud enough to be heard out of doors, "he has been sat down upon. Sister sat down on him, last night for two hours.

After this the dinner went on more quietly, owing to Bobby's sudden and very jerky departure.—Philadelphia Call.

Notice!

Yuma, Yuma County, A. T.

TO H. V. MEEDEN — YOU ARE hereby notified that I have expended one hundred dollars in labor on the Clipper claim. Said claim is located in Silver mining district, Yuma county A. T., in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending 1883; and if within ninety days from the service of this notice you fail to contribute your proportion of such expenditure as co-owner, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under said Section 2324.

Sept. 1st, 1883. ANNIS RAGAL.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

The Territorial and County taxes for the year 1883, are now due and payable at the Sheriffs Office, at the Court House, in the Village and County of Yuma, from 9 A. M. to 12 M. and 1 to 5, P. M. Taxes will be delinquent on and after,

MONDAY, DECEMBER 17th,

At 6 o'clock, P. M. and unless paid before that time the usual 5 per cent and costs will be added.

A. TYNER,
Sept. 1-tf Tax Collector.